

# One Bright Day In The Middle Of The Night

by TubbsTheCat

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Summary: This is a combination of several AUs; Underfell, Pacifist Frisk Death Dad/Timeline Jumping Sans. During a pacifist run in Underfell Frisk is murdered by Undyne and awakens from death as a skeleton without any of their save/reset powers. Frisk runs to Sans, the only one who knows their predicament and he spirited Frisk away and began to dimension hop.

## 1. Family Reunion

A/n: .Woo sudden idea for a story and I can't work it into my comic so here it goes. I need more skeleton Frisk and dad Sans in my life. How many chapters will there be? Who knows.

\* \* \*

><p>Undyne shifted in her armor, squirming a little to get the hot metal off her skin as she crossed the land bridge back to Waterfall. She felt uncomfortable with her choice to let the human go and wander around Hotland but . . . she couldn't find it in herself to wish she had attacked them again. They were . . . more like a monster than she had expected. Or maybe more like a hero from one of Alphy's anime heros. The rest of her guards knew what to do and if they set a toe out of line Undyne would be there in a second to rip them into tiny shreds.</p>

She sighed as she pulled her helmet back on and stomped directly into the deep pools of waterfall, swimming even faster than she could run at full sprint. It felt good to be back in the water and Undyne could have sworn that the metal around her skin was actually steaming. She twisted through the water, dodging debris as she swam and popping above water only to wave half-heartedly at passing monsters. She just wanted to go home and sit for a while, think about what she was really expecting to happen. What she would do as Head of the Royal Guard â€“ what she should do as Undyne â€“ Once the human reached King Asgore. Undyne could not, would not, allow any harm to come to

her King no matter how good willed the human was.

With a deep sigh, Undyne pulled herself out of the softly glowing blue water and shook herself. She was deep in the waterfall now, bathed in the soft gleam of iridescent mushrooms and the soft smell of musty water filled her gills. Undyne stretched out and cracked her spine before she began to stomp up the dry path to her house, ignoring the shy ghost that vanished up the path to his own home before she could greet him. If Nabstablook didn't want to speak to anyone without his cousins about Undyne certainly wasn't the one who would warm him up.

It was only about halfway up to her house that a bellow made her jump out of her scales. "UNDYNE! MY DEAR FRIEND! I HAVE NEWS OF THE HUMAN!"

"Oh?" Undyne asked as Papyrus skidded to a haul ticking up soft mud and almost tripping over his own gangly legs.

"YES! I HAVE WORD THAT THEY ARE WEARING AN OLD APRON! NOT A TUTU AS I HAD TOLD YOU BEFORE! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!" Papyrus declared.

"Oh?" Undyne asked again as she grabbed Papyrus around the neck and held his skull to her chest so she could give him a noogie. Papyrus squeezed his eye sockets shit and squirmed but he wasn't nearly strong enough to escape the headlock of a buff fish. "Yeah right, ya punk! I already saw the human and they weren't wearing either of those things."

"Y-YOU DID?" Papyrus asked, suddenly freezing.

"Yeah. And, uh, I think I get why you said . . . you know. They don't seem that bad," Undyne said. If anyone would understand it would be Papyrus and when he looked at her his eyesockets were sparkling. "They're still a human. But I think I get why you were so against killing the-yeep!" Undyne just about yanked Papyrus' arm off as he escaped from her headlock and wrapped her in such a strong hug that she was lifted off the ground.

Papyrus was laughing in her fin, and she kicked uselessly at open air as he spun her around. "OH I KNEW YOU WOULD SPARE THEM! I DID TOO, THEY LIKED MY SPAGETTI AND THEY LIKED MY PUZZLES!" He set her down and she stumbled slightly, summoning a glowing spear to stick into the mud and steady herself. Papyrus was gushing, babbling about how she could be such good friends with the human and something about a date when a flicker of red caught Undyne's eye.

In a dark corner of the waterfall, deep in a small sea of gently straying reeds there was a flicker of crimson. The color of Determination. Undyne's posture slowly stiffened as the red hint of magic flickered and went out like a dying ember before it appeared again, struggling not to be snuffed out completely. It seemed to pulse a little stronger between each flicker and as Undyne watched the faint light, while defiantly magic, seemed more like a machine than anything organic. "Papyrus?" Undyne said, grabbing his elbow and giving him a little shake.

Papyrus paused in the middle of a story and looked where Undyne pointed. "Do you see that?" She asked.

Before Papyrus could respond there was a sudden, defined crackle of dark red that oddly resembled a fist going through rice paper. There was a loud cry followed by a thump and the furious rustle of flora as the red light of magic fade away completely. Undyne wrapped her hand around her spear and kicked off before Papyrus could stop her. The human? Had they followed her!? Undyne roughly tore the reeds apart, looking for the glowing red heart that would give Frisk away when she instead came across a tiny ball of trembling, black fabric.

At the sound of Undyne's violent approach the dark ball of fabric let out a small whimper as it flipped over. It was . . . a tiny skeleton. Tiny, even smaller than Sans was and Undyne drew back with a sharp inhale as Papyrus ran up behind her. A tiny skeleton with a gleaming white skull and two small pinpricks of light in its sockets that flickered weakly as tears welled up in its empty eyes. It had a detached jaw, pulled up into a permanent smile even as it shook in confusion and fear at the armored woman wielding a spear before it. It was dressed strangely, wearing a striped shirt that marked all children in the underground â€“ a pale off white with gold stripes and little black shorts. Its tiny feet shook in untied red and black sneakers and the whole of the skeleton seemed to be drowning in a massively oversized black jacket. It was so large that Undyne could not see their hands out the sleeves and their skull seemed to be almost buried in a hood of soft pink fur.

O-oh. Oh shit! I'm so sorry!" Undyne said. She reeled back as her spear vanished so the tiny skeleton would see that she meant no harm before she leaned forward to touch them. The skeleton was shaking like a leaf, and for some reason they shook even more furiously as she reached for them.

Odd, children always seemed to love Undyne. That was all she had time to think before the was another furious blaze of scarlet magic and an animal skull slammed down over the little skeleton, caging the little one in massive jaws. The animal skull produced a dull, throaty hum and a single eye socket glowed a violent red, charged with so much magic that it made the base of Undyne's spine prickle.

Papyrus was beside her, one arm around her and pulling her back a little, away from the jaws of the blaster. When she glanced at him she could see recognition in his eyes mixed with a blaze of confusion. Undyne blinked and growled as she yanked free of him and glared up at the blaster. There was no way a kid could do this, so what-!?

She had only seen him teleport once before, suddenly appearing at his station with a hotdog and completely nonchalant about it. It had surprised her then and it surprised her now to look up and see a pair of fuzzy pink slippers planted firmly on the head of the blaster. He wasn't dressed right, his pants were black and gold instead of the usual black and white and he wore only a red t-shirt, his jacket on the child in his blaster's fangs. He was grinning wide, and a single gold tooth glistened in the light of the red magic that consumed the whole left side of his face.

"hey," Sans growled, his voice filled with such hate that Undyne took a step back and Papyrus took a step forward. Sans snarled wordlessly at his brother and he hunched his shoulders like some predatory cat about to pounce. "i'm in a good mood right now, so i'll give you five seconds to tell me why the fuck you pointed a spear at my kid." There

was a whirr as two more blasters formed behind him, balls of light already forming in their jaws as they prepared to fire. "before i rip you to shreds."

## 2. Bad Blood

Undyne and Papyrus stared at Sans for a long moment, both struggling to process the information presented to them. It was Undyne who ultimately responded first, curling her face up into a snarl under her helmet. "Is that some kind of joke?" She spat and Sans flinched. For a moment he looked surprised and confused, as though he had not realized Undyne was the one in the armour.

Then he just looked enraged. "what the fuck, boss!?" Sans demanded as he turned his blazing red gaze onto his brother. "why are you with her? " he spat 'her' like it was snake venom, and from the way he crinkled his forehead it was clear that he was very tempted to set off his blasters without waiting for an answer.

"SANS," Papyrus said, folding his arms over his chest and looking indignant, "WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU, SANS? WHY IS YOUR EYE RED?" Sans bristled and put a skeleton hand to his eye. Red? It had always been red! "AND YOU CANT JUST SAY CHILDREN ARE YOURS EITHER, WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT SKELETON?"

"are you trying to imply something?" Sans demanded haughtily.

"SANS YOU HAVE TO GIVE THAT CHILD BACK TO THEIR PARENTS!"

"i am their parents!" Sans clenched his hands into fists. Okay, so, first of all fuck this universe. What was wrong with Papyrus? He was talking to Sans like he was a young child! Sans preferred his jackass of a Papyrus far more than this one. "get the fuck away from us," he spat.

"Enough!" Undyne finally lost it, and she swung her spear at Sans before he had time to react, turning his soul green and locking him into place. Sans lashed out with a snarl, turning both Undyne and Papyrus red with little fanfare and forcing them down, putting such a great pressure on them that Undyne sank down to her thighs in the soft waterfall dirt and Papyrus fell on his face.

"you sons of bitches, you're not hurting my baby bones again." Undyne met Sans' eyes and was stunned at how gleeful he looked. If this was some sort of sick joke it had gone on far too long. Undyne struggled in the mud, working out her knees and then her calves against the impossible weight of her red-stained soul. She managed to free one foot before the blasters went off.

It made a sound like a distant earthquake.

Everything went blindingly white.

"well this is new," said Sans. His blasters were barely formed after the blast they had taken, large chunks of hardened magic peeled and flaked away before they dissolved entirely, leaving Undyne panting heavily on her feet and Sans supporting a very confused Papyrus. The

green-souled Sans snarled wordlessly as he struggled to move and attack his counterpart.

"i'm gonna fuck you up!" Sans declared.

"no you won't," the other one said flatly. "pap are you okay? he didn't manage to hurt you, did he?"

"NO BROTHER, I AM FINE. BUT I DID NOT REALIZE THERE WERE TWO OF YOU." Papyrus said, "THIS IS GOOD! I LOVE HAVING SANS!"

"hey shut the fuck up!" Sans snarled as he wriggled furiously on the blaster that was still protectively over his child.

Undyne finally tore her helmet off completely and glared furiously between the two Sans', the one who had attacked her fully intent to murder her and his own brother and the one who had just expressed an entirely unnatural strength in protecting them. This had wrong written all over it, but the Sans in blue was clearly the Sans she had known, regardless of his sudden change in power. She stood shoulder to shoulder with him, spear in each hand. "I don't know who you are," Undyne spat, furious that this Sans look-alike, "but you attacked a member of the Royal Guard!"

"you attacked my kid!

"I'm placing you under arrest!" Undyne twirled her spears before she launched both of them at the not-Sans, only to have them shattered by two massive bone attacks. He turned her red again and with a jerk of one hand he sent her flying across the room, slamming her violently into the far cavern wall.

"UNDYNE! STOP, WE CAN TALK-" Papyrus shouted but it was useless. Undyne was already lunging forward, using the thrust of her own magic spear to launch herself at Sans. She sent a barrage of spears at him â€“ if his blasters had shown her anything it was that he was more than capable of taking the hits. And he did. He didn't use another one of his freakish red blasters but he hurled bone attack after bone attack at her spears to deflect them, too distracted to turn Undyne red again.

"UNDYNE!" Papyrus cried frantically as blue jacket Sans switched from supporting his brother to holding him back.

"undyne â€“ uh â€“ other me!" Sans said but he went ignored as well. Undyne threw a series of yellow spears mixed with red ones at him and from the surprised noise Sans made it was safe to say he was unfamiliar with this particular attack. Sans formed a bone weapon in his hands and began to use it as a club, swinging wildly and furiously at every spear as he struggled to form a blaster overhead. Not that it mattered, Sans was fully aware that his counterpart was more than capable of combatting his blasters.

It wasn't until Undyne suddenly changed Sans' soul from green back to white that the skeleton finally slipped, one foot sliding off his blaster as a yellow spear raced for his left temple. Sans didn't have time to scream or even defend himself. He just closed his eye sockets and braced to die for real and forever.

THUNK was the sound of spear hitting bone.

Sans opened his eyes and saw Undyne, her mouth open. Beyond her, Sans had let go of Papirus but both skeletons weren't moving. Time slowed all at once as Sans turned his head and saw Frisk. His Frisk. All bare bones and dark clothing, cutest thing Sans had ever seen. Their arms were spread wide and their head was thrown up to protect as much as Sans as their tiny frame could. And . . . there was a great long spear rammed through their ribs. It had struck Frisk with such a force that it stuck through the back of their ribcage. Somehow Frisk was still standing strong and defiant.

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Almost half their life was gone in one hit. Sans had seen them take worse, he'd seen them with HP as low as his own at times. But this was different. He could see Frisk trembling in fear as the spear dissolved into nothing. Frisk let out a small, frightened sob and Sans wrapped his arms tightly around them as he let his first blaster dissolve into nothing.

"sweetheart listen it's okay, you're okay," Sans said as he rocked his Frisk back and forth. They were starting to panic, their chest heaved as they struggled to suck in air they didn't need. Sans wrapped his arms tightly around his baby. Frisk had to come first, he wasn't going to let them die on his watch.

"um, me? You gonna—" That was as far as the blue version of himself got before Sans' head snapped up and he cast the trio a hateful glower. Bastards. They were just stupid, cartoonish versions of the monsters he knew. If this Sans was anything like him then he would figure him out soon if he hadn't already.

"don't follow me," Sans spat at himself before he vanished in a crackle of red magic. Back to his home, and he prayed to anyone who might be listening that this Sans had already repaired his machine and Sans would have an easy out if it came to it.

### 3. Twox2

\*\*ohhhhh boy so much talking.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Sans teleported into his room, clutching Frisk close to his chest. It wasn't his room, it was the room of a Sans from a more peaceful life. A Sans without a child, clearly. Sans wrinkled his face in disgust and he set Frisk down gently so he could tear the pile of sheets off the bed.</p>

.:Dad?:. Sans saw Frisk sign out of the corner of his eye. They were starting to shake, the bones making a soft rattle and Sans bent to pick them up and hold them tightly to his ribs. He sat down on the bed and leaned back, resting his shoulders against the wall and holding his Frisk as they finally began to sob. He didn't know how much they could remember, if their mind had been frazzled when they died and it was just Sans' reaction to Undyne that scared them so but . . . Sans thought they could probably remember. Frisk knew it was Undyne who had killed them.

Frisk trembled violently and wrapped their fingers around the bones of his ribs and Sans bent his head down to give Frisk's forehead a skeleton kiss. Their mind was far gone in a place Sans couldn't reach and all he could do was be there for them.

He knew the feeling. He didn't know why he did, those memories had been stolen from him but the trauma from whatever he had been remained. His Papirus had comforted him in this way once, before they learned that affection was weakness. Before his Papirus grew to hate him and his weakness. Before Sans had to hold himself and rock while his mind turned against him and forced him to relive a past he couldn't consciously remember. Was that what it was like for Frisk? He had been too afraid to ask.

Tears welled in Sans' own eye sockets and he found himself whispering, "it's okay sweetheart. it's okay i'm so sorry â€" i shouldn't have let you get hurt i'm so sorry i-i'm, god, kiddo." He needed to get them food, get their HP back up and run to repair the machine in the back room. He had to see if he could give his child their life back, their humanity back, their freedom to return to the surface â€" he didn't care what he had to do to make it happen. He would do anything for them.

Frisk signed something against his chest and Sans looked down, but Frisk was unwilling to push away enough for him to see what they were trying to sign. He furrowed his brow as he noticed their head was turned slightly, so they were looking at the door Sans stiffened, the little white dots of his eyes vanishing and leaving his sockets black voids as he turned his head slowly. He was at the door.

Well, this world's version of him. Wearing a stupid blue hoodie and that mirthless grin. "woah, woah, hey now," Sans said, holding up his hands when his counterpart held Frisk closer and snarled, "i teleported here, you've still got some time to do your thing before we have a chat, okay? i doubt undyne would guess you would come here. maybe? we tend to be pretty predictable, me."

Sans bared his golden fang and spat, "fuck off, my kid is upset!" His counterpart raised his hands in a placating manner. He visibly stiffened at the mention of Sans's kid, though, and Sans knew that would be a large part of their talk.

"alright, i'm out of here," Sans said as he put his hand on the door, "but first you need to tell me your name-"

"sans."

"no, \_i'm \_sans. my universe, my name. do you want to be 'red' or 'edgelord'?" Sans bristled and opened his mouth to shout when his counterpart snickered. "shall i call you daddy too?"

If Sans had skin it would have crawled. "they don't call me 'daddy', it's just dad. and . . . comic. as in comic sans. i guess."

Sans nodded before he opened the door and slid outside of the room. Sans let his magic eye flare before he turned back to Frisk who had started rubbing their eyes furiously. "h-hey kiddo, you just ignore him. i want you to get it out, you'll feel better."

.:I am better:. Frisk signed, though from their face Sans didn't

really buy it. He stared at them with a tight jaw before he relented and slowly scooted off the bed, refusing to set Frisk down. They wrapped their arms around his neck and buried their skull against his shirt.

"love you too, sweetheart." He held them close as he followed his counterpart out of his room into a very . . . strange house. It was the same build as his house but it looked . . . wrong. There was no crack in the wall where Papyrus has thrown him and knocked out his tooth. There were no holes in the wall where Papyrus had attacked him in a fit of rage. There was no hole in the roof where Sans had lost control and set off a blaster. It actually looked cared for, like someone cleaned it regularly and recently. It smelled bad, like overcooked noodles and tomatoes, but a nice sort of bad.

Sans refused to look at Papyrus' door as he walked past it.

He found Sans sitting on a lime green couch. Facing a television without actually watching the black and white tv show with a weary laugh track. Sans â€“ no he had to be Comicksans for a while â€“ sat down on the couch next to him. They were silent for a while, the laugh track mocked them.

"tell me about the kid," Sans finally said. Frisk raised their head and peeked a socket at their father's shirt. The jacket they wore made them look like a little bear cub, and Comicksans smiled fondly down at them as he rested his hand on their skull.

"you don't have them?"

"no. guess i haven't met the right momster." The laugh track, right on cue.

"there isn't one. there's only me," Comicksans said. Frisk nodded sagely. "they, uh, were the human. you met your version of them? yeah? heh, well. guess that explains where we came from â€“ undyne stole their soul but their determination wouldn't let them stop. they formed a weaker soul and walked out of their skin."

"and you're their dad because?"

"fuck you," Comicksans snarled and Sans gave him an utterly unimpressed grin. He was tired of being questioned â€“ his Papyrus had been furious when he found out but Comicksans knew he couldn't explain it. He could feel it in his soul. Monsters were forged from their parent's magic and Comicksans guessed that when he found their corpse he must have done something. It didn't matter. "they're the best thing in my life," Comicksans said softly.

"okay, so," Sans said, "why did you leave your universe?"

Frisk sat up and looked at Sans, their eye sockets studying him so intently that he felt like he may have offended them. They shifted their jaws nervously as they raised their shaking hands and started to sign. .:Please don't be mad at Dad. It's my fault. I didn't have enough determination to restart. It's my-:. their hands were trembling so much that it was getting hard to understand them, .:I'm the one who wasn't â€“ we didn't have another choice! Please don't be mad at Dad he's just â€“ he wasn't:.

"it's okay sweetheart," Comicksans said as he held Frisk close to his chest once more. Sans was looking a little uncomfortable at the exchange and the laugh track blared as he looked away. Comicksans sighed as he looked back at Sans, sorrow etched in the bone around his eye sockets. "look, whatever power they had was stolen when undyne took their human soul. i can only assume that asgore has it and that's the best case scenario. we'll go back to our own universe eventually, i guess. but for now?" Comicksans shrugged. He was too lazy to come up with such a long term plan, all he could do was meet their needs as they arose.

The two adult skeletons sat back against the couch and sighed, watching the two fish monsters on screen making jokes about how miserable they were. They both grimaced and looked away, Sans looked to the kitchen while Comicksans gently adjusted the oversized coat on Frisk.

"i haven't heard you say their name," Sans finally said. Comicksans looked confused and Sans looked impatient. "their name, sans. what's their name?"

"oh. well, we don't actually know. they still haven't started talking." Both Sans' looked up to where their dialogue boxes would be. They couldn't exactly make them out well but they could see their words in lowercase comic sans the same way Papyrus spoke in uppercase papyrus. "they're my kid so i guess they might be a lowercase too. and i like to think they'll be sans serif too but who knows?" Frisk frowned as best they could, but it was clear they were unused to making expressions with a face made of bone.

Skeleton names had a certain logic to them, one that Frisk had clued in on while they had still been human but now that they were a skeleton it just seemed frustrating. Their Dad only called them 'sweetheart' or 'kiddo', refusing to address them as Frisk since that just wasn't a font. .:I can't talk:. Frisk signed. That didn't mean they weren't deserving of a name.

Sans sighed. "well, get the baby bones something to eat, okay? i'm going to go talk to paps and undyne. dunno what they're like in your world but i got it covered." Comicksans growled wordlessly but Frisk looked at Sans in open fascination. It made him feel kind of uncomfortable and he hopped off the couch as the show laughed at his feelings. "uh, okay. i got my own frisk to take care of so . . . i'll see what I can do to keep you to yourselves." Sans shrugged before he vanished in a crack of blue magic and left his counterpart alone.

Sans didn't really get what exactly it was about those two that made him so uneasy, aside from the fact that they shouldn't exist in his universe. It was like looking in a cracked mirror, himself still recognizable but distorted in a way that Sans himself could never recreate. And that reflection could never be him, either.

Sans appeared in Undyne's house, in the middle of a shouting match between Undyne, Papyrus, and Alphys. "hey," Sans said as Undyne snapped her neck around and gave him a dead-eyed shark's glower. She looked angry, and maybe a little betrayed. Sans couldn't explain fully how her expression made him feel. Papyrus looked up to, loving but confused and Alphys peeked out from around him, pattering her yellow claws nervously and looking more suspicious than anyone

else.

Sans sighed. Oh boy, he really didn't want to explain the truth. "so, uh, surprise! guess we better get this talk out of the way."

#### 4. Fresh Fried Fish (Undyne Part I)

Papyrus accepted the fact that there were two of him rather easily. He seems shockingly unsurprised about the multiple versions of reality that different versions of Sans are able to navigate â€“ though Sans explains plainly that he, himself, cannot do what the other him did. Though he neglected to mention that it would just take a little more tinkering of his machine to get the red-eyed Sans' ability. Papyrus is even more enthused about the fact that a version of Sans had a child! He seemed convinced that his Sans was in the process of making a child of his own and Sans was delighted to keep chattering away about how much that won't be happening while Undyne tapped her foot impatiently.

The brothers could easily have talked about their alternate selves for the rest of time were it not for Undyne getting more and more agitated. Sans pretended not to notice until she suplexed a rock twice his size and lets out a scream from the depths of her SOUL that made him rock back onto his heels.

"NNNGGGHHHHH! ENOUGH!" She shouted, "Stop running away from the topic at hand!" Undyne pointed so viciously at Sans that she almost knocked over Papyrus with her arm. "YOU! What was that!?"

"uh," Sans said, "i already said there are a quantumly undefinable number of realities-"

"Not that!" Undyne said, and Sans could feel her frustration burning over him in waves. "I don't care about that stupid punk version of you! I want to know what you did! I've seen you, Sans, I know what you are. You're not capable of that!" Undyne gestured wildly at the great scorch marks left by the blasters. "HOW did you do that? Since WHEN could you do that!?"

Sans shrugged. "dunno. i needed to do it so i did it. that's sorta irrelevant now, isn't it?" Undyne hissed furiously, clearly even more agitated with his lazy behavior now that she had had a glimpse of how strong he actually was. Sans shifted uncomfortably, trying to distract himself from the water soaking his pink slippers and the feel of Papyrus' eyesockets boring into his skull. Time to make something up. "look, i really don't get it either. i didn't think i was capable of anything like that, honestly. when i saw a blaster aimed at you and pap, i guess i just reacted."

That seemed to work for Undyne, she had always seemed to think that anyone was capable of great strength if they were protecting someone. She actually looked thoughtful for a moment before she bent her knees and threw up an arm dramatically. "Sans, just imagine what you could do with a little extra training! You should come with Papyrus to my place one day!" She pumped her fists enthusiastically and Papyrus bounced around her with an enthusiasm usually only seen in Lesser Dog.

"THAT WOULD BE MOST EXCELLENT, MY BROTHER AND MY BEST FRIEND! ALL

BOTH OF US, TOGETHER!"

"oh, good, great, yaaaaay," Sans grumbled as Undyne hooted. He was stronger than just about anyone else, even after more years than he cared to count spent doing anything but training. He wouldn't participate but he would indulge them, and he talked along amiably with each of Undyne and Papyrus ideas as they slowly made their way to Undyne's house.

It wasn't until they were at the jaw-shaped door that Papyrus stopped dead in his tracks, eyesockets wide open in surprise. Undyne and Sans both bumped into him from behind and Undyne grabbed Sans by the hood of his jacket before he could fall (and have a nap on her front lawn). "Hey punk! What's the deal!?" Undyne protested as Papyrus began to frantically search through his bone-tight clothes for his phone.

His face lit up when he saw the number and he flipped it open. "HELLO HU-FRIEND! SO GOOD TO HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN MY VERY GOOD FRIEND OF UNKNOWN ORIGINS!" Sans snickered into his hand, picking up on who he was talking to immediately. "YOU WANT TO HANG OUT AGAIN? AH, GOOD! I WILL, UH, MEET YOU OVER BY THE, UM," Papyrus glanced at Undyne, "THE PLACE! GOODBYE!" It was hard to say who the goodbye was meant for, since Papyrus flicked his phone shut and blazed past his friend and brother, cackling all the way.

"We had a cooking lesson," Undyne grumbled irritably.

"he'll probably be back," Sans said. He stuck his hands in his pockets and blinked sleepily. "well," he yawned, "i'm beat. gonna just go home for a nice forever nap." He grinned pleasantly but before he could vanish into thin air Undyne grabbed him by his elbow.

"Wait!" Sans paused and blinked at her in confusion. The grab wasn't nearly as aggressive as her usual gestures but she also seemed somehow meek. How . . . creepy. "Look, Sans, I know I took it a little far with that 'other you'."

"just call him comicksans."

"I'd never arrest you â€“ or the other you even if he is a punk. And, um, sorry I upset your kid?" Oh. That's why she looked so uncomfortable.

Sans coughed nervously and rubbed the side of his skull. "geeze, you and papyrus both are so chatty about that baby bones. look, undyne, i'm sure that you didn't do anything wrong, comicksans kinda seems like he's always that angry. but, uh, for the record i still don't have a kid." Undyne looked incredibly uncomfortable and Sans knew the feeling. "you could probably just talk to that sans about it if it really bothers you that much, i get the feeling that the baby bones has a forgiving personality." They were still Frisk, weren't they?

Sans smiled nervously and shrugged as his hands went back into his pockets. "Okay, yeah. I get it. But Sans, you know you never actually said where the other one was—" Undyne went to make eye contact and found that Sans has already vanished. Figures. Undyne hissed in agitation before she stormed into her own home, disappointed that she

wasn't accompanied by at least one skeleton. Well, with any luck Papyrus would remember his cooking lesson and she could have some company.

Four hours later she walked into Snowdin with charcoal and ash smeared on her fins and a new name punched in her contact information.

## 5. Drowned A Fish In Tears (Undyne Part II)

\*\*this chapter covers Frisk's death in underfell and basically takes place pre previous chapters. I don't think it's too bad but it is still a child getting murdered and there's some mentions of previous abuse so consider this your warning. I like the idea of underfell Undyne hating fighting but having to do it anyway. Like, Ut Undyne is a warrior because she wants to save everyone but if Undyne would have given up hope and just fight because she doesn't think she has another choice.\*\*

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><p>Frisk ran along the pier, throwing themselves across boards of wood in desperate attempts to avoid the blue gleam of magic spears shooting up from under them. They had stopped trusting their own ability a long time ago, and where instead blindly obeying the flower clinging to their shoulders.</p>

"LEFT!" Asriel screeched, "nonono, RIGHT, BACKLEFTBACKRIGHTLEFTLEFT! S T O P!" Frisk leaned back as they had been about to spring forward and a spear grazed their shirt, tearing a long line up the front of it before it stabbed them hard in the chin. Frisk isn't sure if they threw themselves back or if Asriel dragged them back but next thing they know they're on their side on the pier and all around them the wood is glowing blue.

"Don't move," Asriel instructed weakly as Frisk closed their eyes and hugged him close. They expect to be torn into shreds, they expect to wake up touching their save point in Waterfall as if their soul hadn't just been ripped into thousands of pieces. But . . . nothing happened. Frisk could see light through their eyelids and hear the faint hum of magic as it remained static.

Very slowly they opened their eyes and they were greeted by a wall of blue. Frisk turned their head and saw that the blue surrounded them on all sides, forming a large circle that Frisk was able to stand up in. Very slowly they got to their feet and looked around. They could see a little between the spears but they glowed so brilliantly that everything beyond was solid black.

The spears were unmoving. They stayed up around them, locking them in place and Frisk was certain that if they moved forward and touched one their soul really would be turned green. .:Do you see her?:. Frisk signed after a long pause. Asriel's roots twisted on their shoulders as he tried to get a better angle.

"I don't see her under us but—" he was cut off when a spear split the air beside Frisk's neck and impaled his anther, right between his eyes. Frisk screamed wordlessly and turned to grab him as he was torn from their shoulders but he was thrown past the wall of

spears.

Despite knowing what would happen, Frisk threw their hand forward and there was an immediate blast of pain through their fingers. Frisk drew back with a hiss, clutching their hand to their chest and squeezing the torn bits of their shirt around their newly mangled hand. Tears stung at their eyes but without their hands they couldn't call for help!

"It's okay," came a low voice, soothing and mournful. Frisk turned slowly, shaking as the spears before them faded and they were faced with Undyne. She wasn't wearing her armor, but her casual clothing made Frisk more nervous and they backed up. "Alphys wants him back so I won't hurt him."

Frisk pulled their hands out of their shirt and did their best to sign, .:I won't let you hurt him!:. Undyne looked sad. Her lips part slightly over her crooked fangs and her one good eye scrunches up a little. There's an emotion on her face that Frisk hasn't seen much. It's the look Asriel had when Toriel told them never to come back. It's the look they saw on Sans' face after Papyrus said his brother was a weakness. It was as though they thought there was something so utterly tragic that Frisk wasn't able to understand.

"Kid," Undyne said and there was a funny hitch in her voice, "I . . . I don't want to do this. Please understand that—" She cut herself off but she chewed on her lip. "No, I guess how I feel doesn't really matter. But I swear, this will be as painless for you as possible." She pulled out a jar from the bag on her hip and Frisk felt something in their stomach twist.

Frisk held their bad hand to their chest and shifted on their ballet shoes so they were on point. They were glad they didn't have a weapon that needed to be held.

But the battle did not start.

The world did not turn black, no menu appeared.

Undyne hung her head and for a moment a glimmering tear fell.

Frisk shifted back to standing on flat and they nervously shifted forward. Undyne was struggling, Frisk smiled weakly and reached out their good hand to touch her arm.

As soon as their arm was fully extended a spear rammed up through their elbow and pierced their skin on the other side. Frisk tried to reel back but all they managed to do was tear their flesh like old cloth and they let out a scream of agony. It hurt! It hurt so much worse than having their soul shattered!

The spear vanished and Frisk collapsed. They whimpered and grabbed at their arm with their shredded fingers, tears streaming down their face. Their hands were useless now, they couldn't beg for help anymore! Undyne stepped into the circle of the spears and it closed behind her, trapping them together. From the ground, Frisk could see Undyne's face. They could see the sorrow and pity there and Frisk wondered if they were supposed to feel bad for her.

"I. . ." Undyne said softly, "please understand this is the only way."

"This is the only way brats learn," their much older cousin sneered as she stood over Frisk. Her lips were pulled back over her pearly white teeth. Frisk tried to sign that they didn't mean to do anything, they didn't know what they did! "STOP IT! JUST TALK!" Their cousin screamed. She had pulled off her belt the way her dad did, the way Frisk's uncle did.

Frisk screamed and threw themselves back, sitting up and kicking their body away from their cousin and shoved their back into the wall of spears. They had to get away, they had to run! The only way to get away was to start running but there was no way to run? No, they had been outside in the park! But . . . They were in a cage? Frisk's mind ran at a million miles a minute, frantically grasping for fractured memories and their warped reality as pain made them delirious. The feel of the magic spears burned the clothes and flesh on their back, tearing down to the muscle in fat strips.

Their cousin was sobbing, but Frisk didn't know why. There was a feel of a belt across their face, the metal stinging their cheek. Frisk tried to kick further away from Undyne as she stepped through the illusion of Frisk's cousin and into the memory of their uncle standing over them with his face twisted in rage. Frisk shrank away and let out a horrified, shuddering breath as a distant call from Asriel snapped them back into their body. They pulled their back out from the spears but they just wound up at Undyne's feet.

Why was she crying!? She was doing this to Frisk, She had done this to Frisk! Or, no were those different people? Frisk couldn't separate them as a spear rammed through their left thigh and anchored them to the pier. Another spear went through their calf going a different direction, pinning down their other leg. A spear through their left wrist, a spear through their right hand. Frisk thrashed and screeched, their mind reaching frantically for the few in their life who had shown them genuine kindness.

Asriel! Please help!

But he didn't come.

The spears pulled Frisk's body down, forcing them to lie on their back.

Mama! Please help!

Undyne's hands were on their end of the container and she twisted each side of it. There was a hiss of air as it opened.

But she didn't come.

Why was Frisk still alive? They had only ever died from their soul shattering before but surely their body couldn't take much more of this! How was . . .? Frisk noticed that Undyne's hand was covered in a swirl of green magic and it occurred to them that she must have been healing them just enough to keep them alive. Healing just enough so that each stab of agony wasn't weakened by the pain that came before it.

SOMEONE! ANYONE! HELP!

Finally, Undyne summoned Frisks soul to battle. Frisk saw black creeping into their vision, swirling thick and black but if it was a battle or death Frisk didn't know. Their soul formed over their chest, glowing and warm and Frisk closed their eyes, letting their consciousness slide from their body into their-

Undyne caught their soul in the jar like a firefly.

BUT NOBODY CAME

As soon as the little chamber closed Frisk went still but they did not die. "Sorry," Undyne said faintly. Her spears faded, but the human's body did not move. She slipped the jar back into her bag before she knelt and pressed her green hand into Frisk's chest, healing their body until their torn clothes and the bloodstain on the pier was all that remained. Undyne stood and looked down. There was nothing left in the human, but they were still alive. The way their eyes were trained on her purse, Undyne had to hope that humans had it in them to live without their souls.

"I'm sorry," Undyne whispered. Not that it mattered. It didn't even make her feel better this time. Undyne wiped the tears from her eyes before she looked up, her face set in stone as she looked for the flower Alphys had ordered her to retrieve. But . . . it was gone. The flower was gone! Undyne was actually stunned. It had abandoned the human? Undyne could have laughed. After the human had begged for the weed's life it went and left them.

!

"I'll find it later." Undyne muttered.

E

Undyne turned to run down the rest of the pier but she stopped dead in her tracks as a short, squat skeleton in an oversized jacket stood before her. One eye burned an inferno of swirling, hateful red and it struck Undyne how well he could rip open her throat with those fangs. She glared down at him. "What do you think you're doing?" she asked coldly.

Sans said nothing. Undyne's skin crawled.

"Alright. Fine," Undyne said stiffly. She brushed past him but before she could get all the way away his hand shot out and he grabbed her wrist.

"what the fuck did you do to them?" Sans asked. His eyes were on the human body sprawled over the pier like some sick modern art display.

"What, you want to run to Papyrus so he can take credit for it? Piss off, shorty." Undyne tried to pull away but Sans yanked her roughly. Undyne curled her lip and formed a spear. She made to bring it down on his head but a red bone met her attack and stopped it. Sans hadn't looked away from the human during the whole spat. There was no way . . . "You . . . actually care?" Sans said nothing. Shame burned in Undyne's SOUL. "Asgore has absorbed the other souls. If I didn't then

he would have killed me. Killed Alphys."

"you deserved it more than them." Sans said. It was impressive how much hate he could pack into such a soft tone and Undyne almost flinched away from him. She couldn't respond to that one. He was right, she supposed. She was a grown woman who had lost all her will, nothing mattered to her anymore outside of the love of her life. She wasn't worth the life of a child so full of love.

Sans let her go and Undyne walked past without another word. She didn't think she could handle seeing what would happen next. If Sans was going to mourn, Undyne might actually crumble to dust then and there.

## 6. Oh Daddy Dearest

Frisk's eyes snapped open when they heard the loud, booming voice of Undyne. They were in a dark room, inky black and so very cold. They couldn't move their arms very well, they had been tucked in too well, bundled into a thick blanket and covered in a heavier coat. A pillow was tucked neatly under their head and behind their back and the bed was made so neatly for their father's usual style. They would have been impossibly comfortable wrapped in bed had it not been for the shouts of their murderer and the sharp voice of Papyrus.

"hey," a voice rasped but before Frisk was able to calm down they ripped themselves out of bed to leap out of bed, and the top of their skull met something hard. Frisk yelped and fell to the ground as a heavier body flopped over beside them.

"you two are really graceful," frisk's dad said, but his voice sounded distant and far too clear. The lights flicked on and the dots of light in Frisk's sockets went out. Their actual dad, in red with a gold fang glittering sat right beside them, rubbing his jaw where Frisk had headbutted him and glaring with spite and loathing at the door. "look, i'm not here to bother you. heck, i didn't even tell them you were here. but, uh, if you want to come downstairs papyrus has made dinner. and there's a show on tv i think you might like." The blue Sans winked at Frisk and they tilted their head at him, the little lights in their sockets tentatively appearing to study him.

He wasn't their dad, he seemed so fundamentally different but Frisk still felt a desire to trust him. They turned slightly before they got to their feet, using the bed and their dad to help them get up.  
. :Blue-Sans? : . :I heard Undyne. :

Sans nodded, "well yeah, she's here."

"w h a t"

"hey don't take that tone with me, me. i can do it too." Sans looked annoyed and he folded his arms before he leaned into the doorframe. It dawned on Frisk that their dad and Sans might not get along. Still, when Sans looked back at them he seemed to put in an effort to make his face look less tense. "look baby bones," he was going his best to sound gentle and Frisk grabbed their dad's hand as he got to his feet. "i get it, you know. i've had to interact with someone who killed me like nothing was wrong so i get it." He looked so sad and

Frisk tilted their head.

Sans bent his knees so he was eyelevel with Frisk, "but this version of her isn't like the one who . . . the one who hurt you. she's here because she made friends with our version of you and set her house on fire. i don't actually know how that happened. but, you know, if you guys want to join us then that's good. paps is really happy that he's got a niecpew."

Then he was gone and their dad groaned like an old dog. "he's a fucking prick. how the fuck is a guy like that me?" Frisk turned to look at their sullen dad in surprise. They were different, sure, but Frisk could still recognize them as maybe, once, having the potential to be the same person. They put their hand over their jaw and giggled.

"oh?" The dad asked. He grinned widely as his gold tooth flashed and his red eye flickered. With a flick of his wrist Frisk was back on Sans' bed and he started tucking them in again. "are you saying somthin' about me? oooh, you gonna act like a tough guy now?" he tickled their ribs and Frisk shrieked and started to squirm furiously. "looks like you are my kid! i'm proud kiddo, keep that up and you'll get your own gold tooth soon."

.:No! I don't want to sleep!: Frisk managed to sign even as they flailed and laughed helplessly. Sans snorted in amusement too but he shook his head.

"you're barely awake, sweetie. you gotta sleep." He went back to tucking them in again but Frisk kept squirming free.

.:You need sleep too!: they protested. Sans always left their hands free, even as he tried to restrain them in a sea of blankets. .:but, I was thinking.: they smiled nervously, and they felt their eyes gleam a little brighter. Sans paused finally and looked a little put off by their uneasy expression. Frisk was so unused to having a bare skull that their emotions were always plainly visible â€“ at least to other skeletons â€“ and their dad could read what Frisk was feeling like an open book.

.:Maybe blue-you is right? Maybe we should go downstairs.:

"wha-wait, no! sweetie, no you don't have to do that!"

.:I know I don't have to,: Frisk signed, .:but I think that I want to. He's right, this is a different Undyne and, well, plenty of people have killed me before. I can't hold that against her.:

"yes you can," Sans grumbled. He certainly did. Frisk smiled sadly and shook their head.

.:I want to believe that everyone is good. I want to give her a chance.:.

Sans was silent for a long moment, just studying them. He seemed not entirely thrilled with their plan but after a while he sighed and picked up his jacket, offering it to them. "sweetheart, you're a good kid. you're better than any of us deserve, here or in our own world." Sans gave Frisk's forehead a skeleton kiss with his teeth. When he

sat back he looked like he was contemplating something before he shrugged and said, "if you get at all uncomfortable or uneasy around her i'll get you out of there. i won't even kill her if that would make you feel better."

Frisk finished tugging on their coat and Sans picked them up, holding them so they could wrap their arms around their neck as he tucked a neat arm under their legs. "i'm proud of y-"

Frisk opened their eyes and were met with only darkness. They were confused but it seemed that they were lying on their side again, under blankets and surrounded by pillows. Their dad was sleeping on his face on the treadmill in the center of the room, his snores slightly muffled by the unused machine. A faint red light began to glow from Frisk's eye sockets as they at first wondered if Sans had somehow really tucked them back in.

Frisk shimmied a little as they tried to sit up when suddenly, "YEAH, GO PAP! SHOW THAT PASTA WHO'S BOSS!" The scream that had awakened Frisk to begin with.

"shit!" Frisk heard their dad hiss as he woke up, and he was over them in a second, his own eye glowing brightly with concern. Ah, that was why they had headbutted him the first time. This time they remained still and their head remained unhurt as small red tears began to form at the corners of their sockets. A faint red glow started in the depths of their skull, pulsing weakly but strong enough to clearly illuminate their hands in the dark.

"sweetie?" Sans asked, looking horrified. The last time he had seen them cry was when they had woken up from death, and he had never seen their eyes manage any sort of glow.

Frisk freed their hands from the blanket and slowly told their father, .:this Frisk just reset but I can still remember everything.:. Sans blinked before he picked them up and tucked their skull under his. Sans knew what they meant.

"i'm sorry," he said, "fuck, kiddo, i'm so sorry." Frisk wrapped their arms around their dad's neck and squeezed him tight. Their tears dripped onto the shoulder of his shirt, leaving faint hints of glowing red before the lights flicked on and they turned to normal dark spots of water.

Frisk didn't move at all as they felt their Sans look up and glower at the Sans they already knew was at the door. "yeesh, didn't think you guys would be having a touching family moment in my bedroom. don't suppose i can talk you into renting a room at Bonnie's sister's hotel?"

"i'll ram your femur through your fucking eye socket if you aren't careful," Their dad warned.

"no you won't." Sans cocked his head, and when Frisk peeked up they noticed there was a predatory edge to his grin before it morphed into shock when he noticed their tears. Or the faint glow of red magic still shining out from the depths of their skull. Frisk wasn't sure which would be more surprising. "um, okay," Sans said before he looked back at their dad, "look, i'm not here to bother you. heck, i didn't even tell them you were here. but, uh, if you want to come

downstairs papyrus has made dinner. and there's a show on tv i think you might like."

. . . The same words. Frisk felt their father bristle like a hostile wolf.

Frisk didn't really want to play out the same conversation again, not after they already reached their own conclusion. Frisk pushed away from their father and scooted back in their seat. Their dad let them go, knowing that Frisk wanted to sign.

.:I know Undyne's downstairs already. And I know that she's not the one that killed me.:. Frisk felt their dad grow rigid but he didn't interrupt. .:I think that I'd like to try meeting her.:.

"really?" both Sans' asked with various degrees of shock as Frisk wriggled into their father's jacket.

Frisk looked at the blue Sans at the door and made a grabby motion of one of their skeleton hands. He looked a bit confused but approached warily, getting as close as he was willing to their dad. Frisk could have laughed. As different as they were, he was still their father. Frisk felt a desire to trust him, as deeply rooted as their fear of Undyne. With a little giggle Frisk hopped off the bed and grabbed Sans' hand with one of theirs. They tugged him along as they reached out to grab their dad's hand too.

"um," their dad said, "seriously? i can carry you down if you want. you don't need to hold \_his\_ hand." Frisk shook their head before they forced their permanent-grin into a wider one. They swung their hands between the two of them before they strode for the door, not allowing either of them a chance to escape.

End  
file.